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A COFFIN FOR...
the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®
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TM
BOB LAYTON
GHOST STARRING...
THE MACABRE
MOON KNIGHT™

Stan Lee Presents: THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

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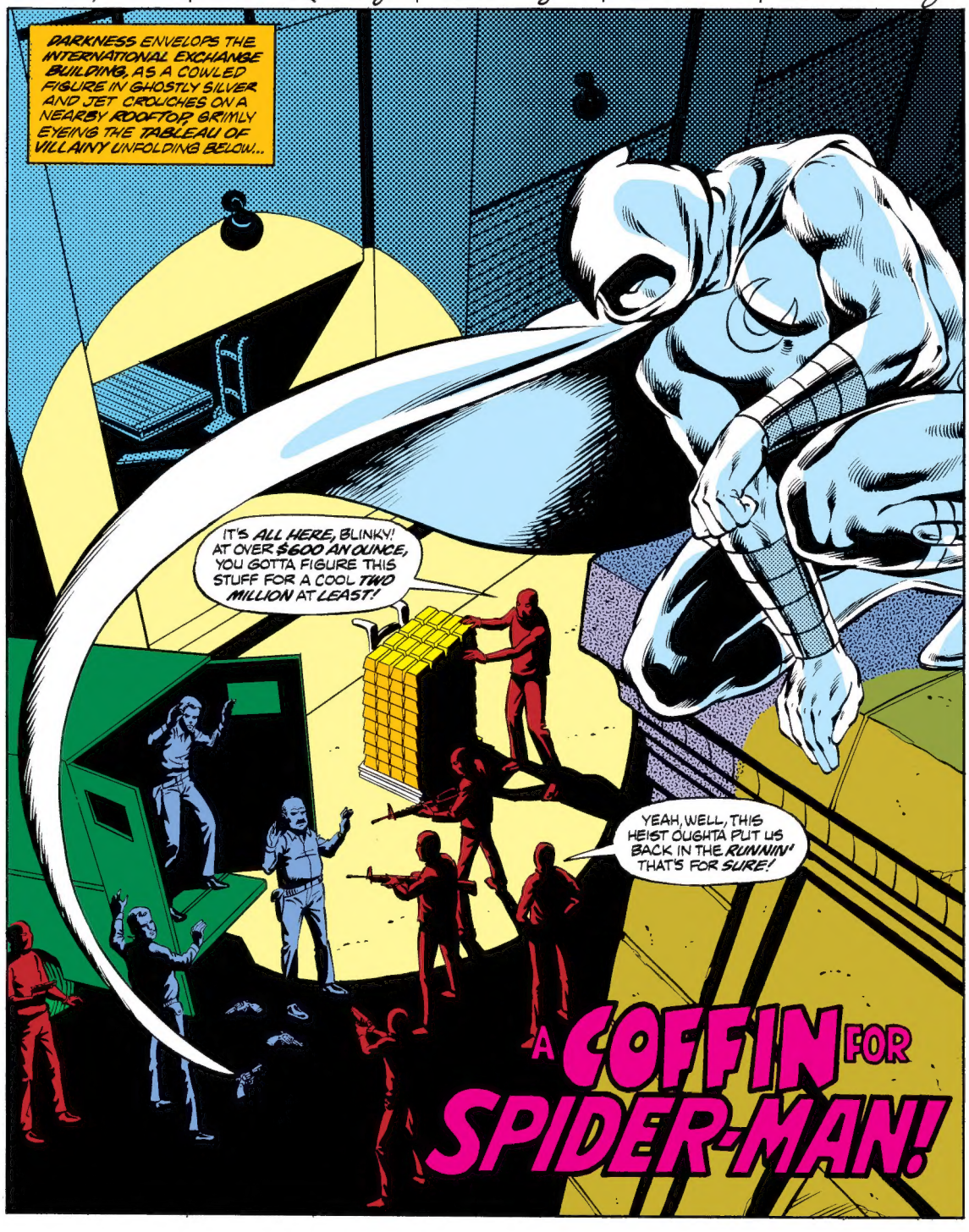

A COFFIN FOR SPIDER-MAN!

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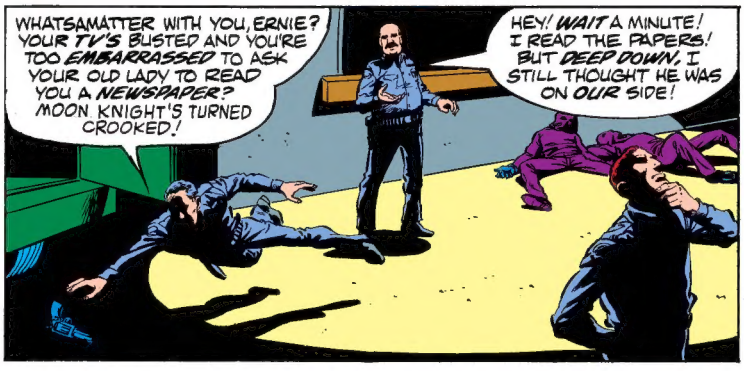
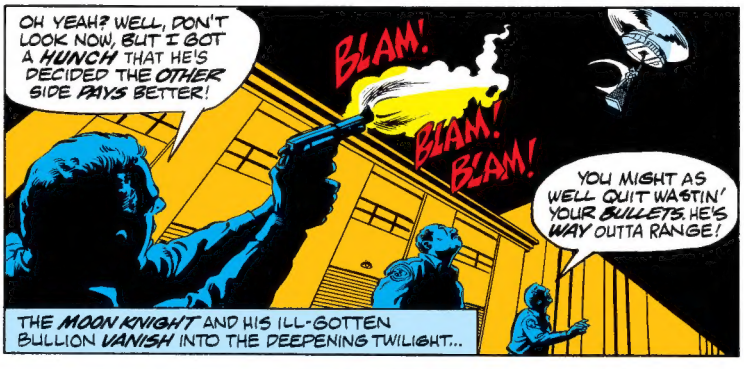
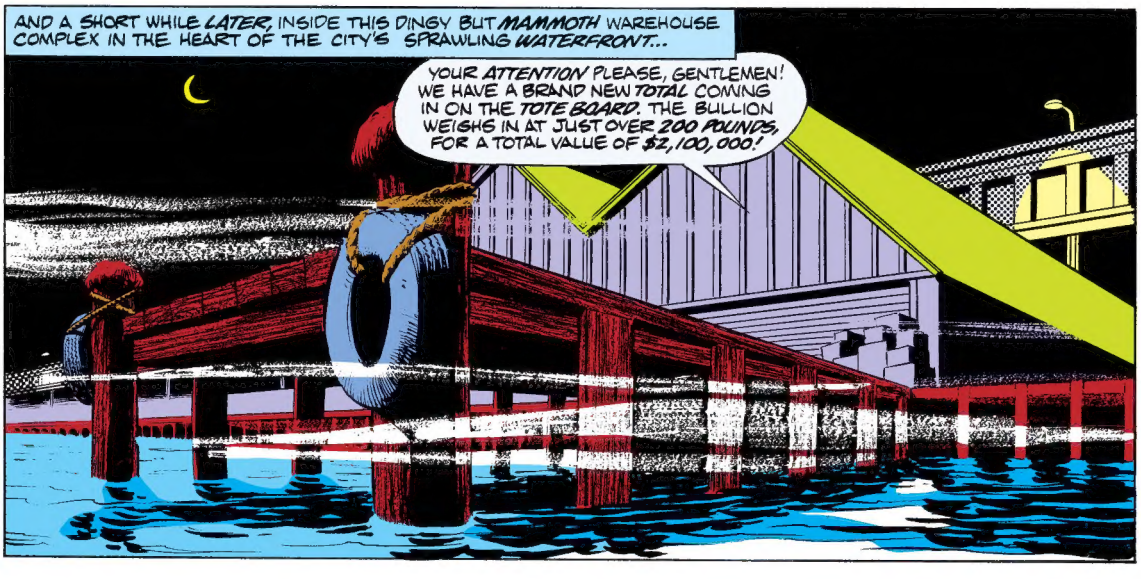
SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING--
--HE STRIKES!
UNNFFF!
KA-WHAM!
BLINKY! LOOK! I-IT'S HIM! IT'S--
--THE MOON KNIGHT!
UNNGHH!
UNNHHH!
WHUMPH!
GNNGGGH!
BLAST YOU, MOON KNIGHT! STAND STILL!
BLAM! BLAM!
PETE! WATCH IT! H-HE'S GOIN' FOR HIS BILLY CLUB!
IT'S NOT A "BILLY CLUB," YOU MORONS!
THAT'S DAREDEVIL'S WEAPON. MINE IS A TRUNCHEON. T-R-U-N...
OH, WHAT'S THE USE! YOU MUGS CAN'T SPELL!
WHONK!
UNNGHH!
AAAGGHH!
CHUD!

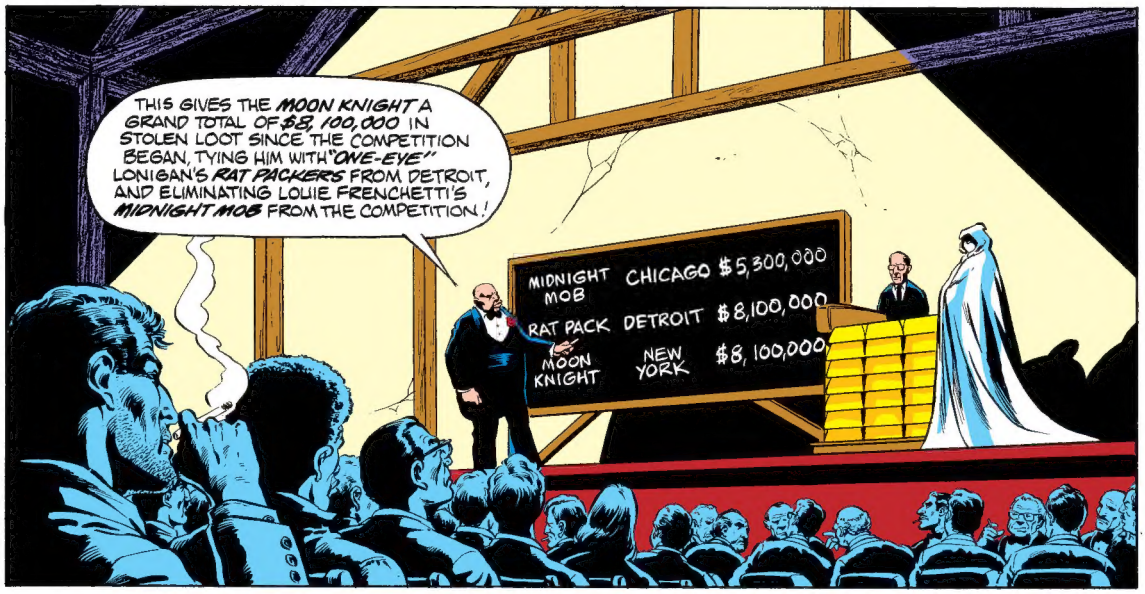
THEN, BEFORE THE GUARDS CAN COMPREHEND WHAT'S HAPPENING, THE MOON KNIGHT BARKS A COMMAND INTO THE TINY MICROPHONE CONCEALED WITHIN HIS COWL, AND...
ATTABOY, FRENCHIE! TAKE 'ER AWAY!
I AM HEARING YOU LOUD AND CLEAR, MARC! HOLD ON TIGHT TO ZEE GRAPPLER WHILE I REEL YOU IN TOUT DE SUITE!
I--I THOUGH HE WAS HELPING US--BUT HE'S TAKING THE BULLION HIMSELF!

HEY! W-WHAT THE HECK DOES HE THINK HE'S DOIN'?
HE THINKS HE'S MAKIN' HIMSELF RICHER BY TWO MILLION BUCKEROOS, THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS HE'S DOIN'!

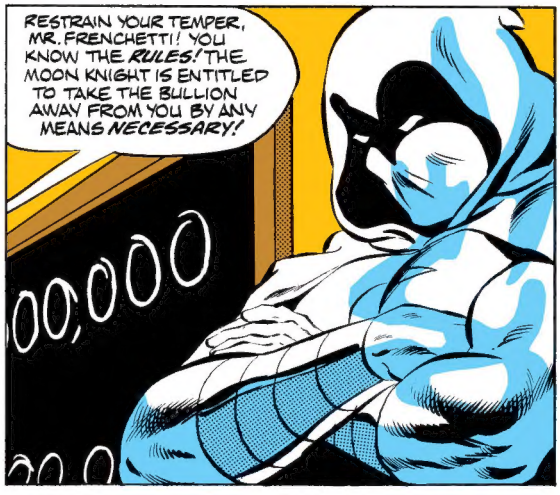

WHATSAMATTER WITH YOU, ERNIE? YOUR TV'S BUSTED AND YOU'RE TOO EMBARRASSED TO ASK YOUR OLD LADY TO READ YOU A NEWSPAPER? MOON KNIGHT'S TURNED CROOKED!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! I READ THE PAPERS! BUT DEEP DOWN, I STILL THOUGHT HE WAS ON OUR SIDE!

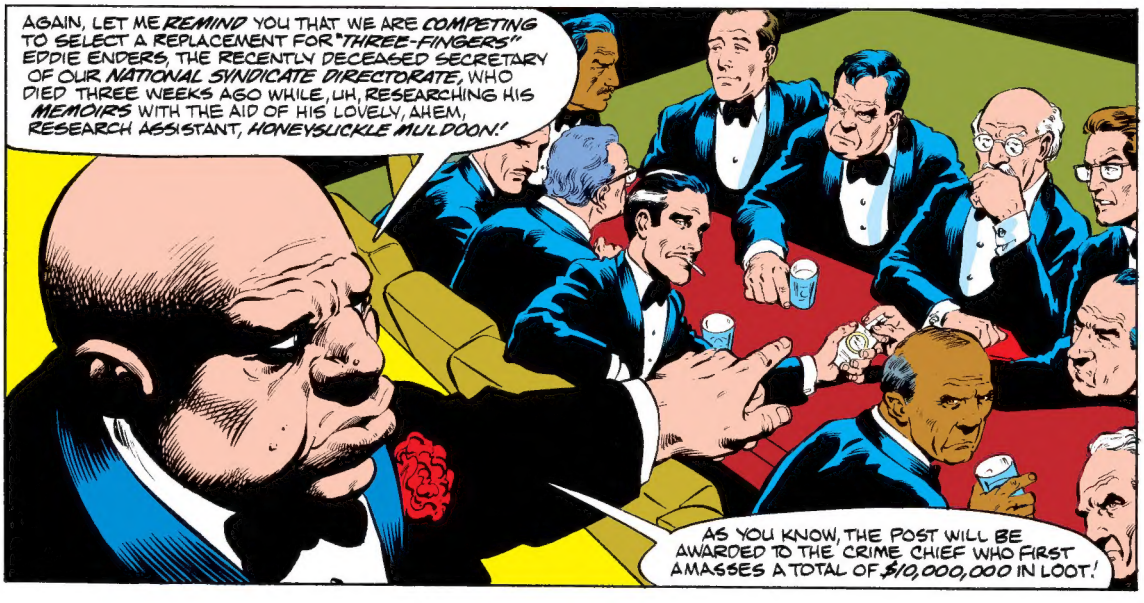

OH YEAH? WELL, DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I GOT A HUNCH THAT HE'S DECIDED THE OTHER SIDE PAYS BETTER!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL QUIT WASTIN' YOUR BULLETS. HE'S WAY OUTTA RANGE!
THE MOON KNIGHT AND HIS ILL-GOTTEN BULLION VANISH INTO THE DEEPENING TWILIGHT...

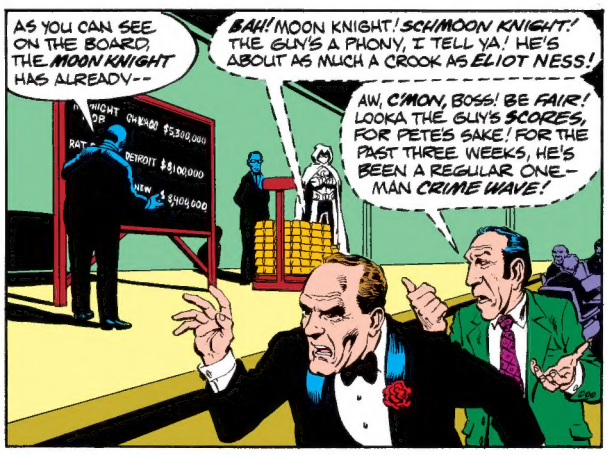

AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, INSIDE THIS DINGY BUT MAMMOTH WAREHOUSE COMPLEX IN THE HEART OF THE CITY'S SPRAWLING WATERFRONT...
YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! WE HAVE A BRAND NEW TOTAL COMING IN ON THE TOTE BOARD. THE BULLION WEIGHS IN AT JUST OVER 200 POUNDS, FOR A TOTAL VALUE OF $2,100,000!

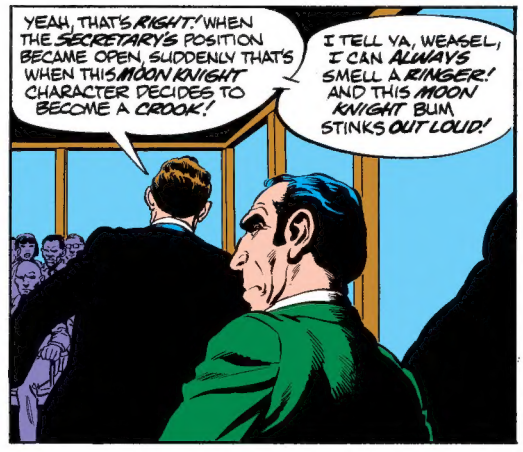

THIS GIVES THE MOON KNIGHT A GRAND TOTAL OF $8,100,000 IN STOLEN LOOT SINCE THE COMPETITION BEGAN, TYING HIM WITH "ONE-EYE" LONIGAN'S RAT PACKERS FROM DETROIT, AND ELIMINATING LOUIE FRENCHETTI'S MIDNIGHT MOB FROM THE COMPETITION!
MIDNIGHT MOB CHICAGO $5,300,000
RAT PACK DETROIT $8,100,000
MOON KNIGHT NEW YORK $8,100,000

OKAY, OKAY! SO WE'RE ELIMINATED! SO THE MOON KNIGHT GRABBED THE GOLD AWAY FROM US!
BUT DID HE HAVETA PUT SIX OF MY BEST GUYS IN INTENSIVE CARE IN THE BARGAIN?


RESTRAIN YOUR TEMPER, MR. FRENCHETTI! YOU KNOW THE RULES! THE MOON KNIGHT IS ENTITLED TO TAKE THE BULLION AWAY FROM YOU BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY!


AGAIN, LET ME REMIND YOU THAT WE ARE COMPETING TO SELECT A REPLACEMENT FOR "THREE-FINGERS" EDDIE ENDERS, THE RECENTLY DECEASED SECRETARY OF OUR NATIONAL SYNDICATE DIRECTORATE, WHO DIED THREE WEEKS AGO WHILE, UH, RESEARCHING HIS MEMOIRS WITH THE AID OF HIS LOVELY, AHEM, RESEARCH ASSISTANT, HONEYSUCKLE MULDOON!
AS YOU KNOW, THE POST WILL BE AWARDED TO THE CRIME CHIEF WHO FIRST AMASSES A TOTAL OF $10,000,000 IN LOOT!





MEANWHILE...

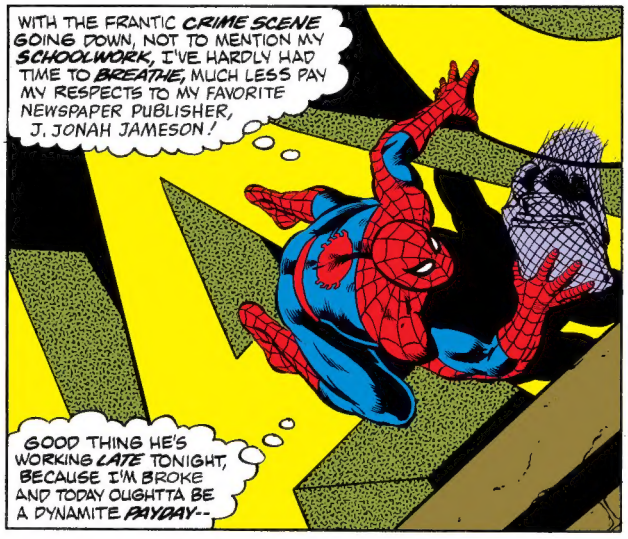
BOY, I AM ONE BONE-WEARY WALL-CRAWLER! THERE'VE BEEN MORE HEISTS IN THE OL' APPLE IN THE PAST THREE WEEKS THAN IN THE LAST THREE YEARS!

AND THE REASON IS THAT FOR THE PAST THREE WEEKS, THE CITY HAS BEEN PACKED WALL TO WALL WITH VISITING BIG-TIME CROOKS!

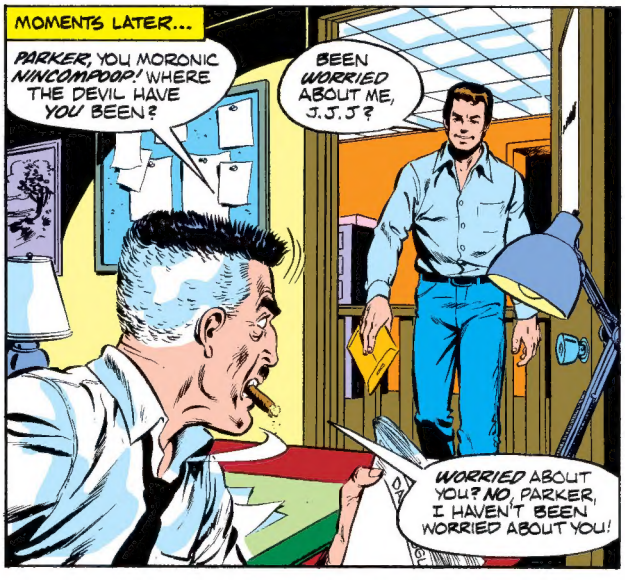
THWIP

SYNDICATE LIMOS AND LEAR JETS HAVE BEEN POURING IN FROM ALL FIFTY STATES AND A FEW FOREIGN COUNTRIES TO BOOT!

DA

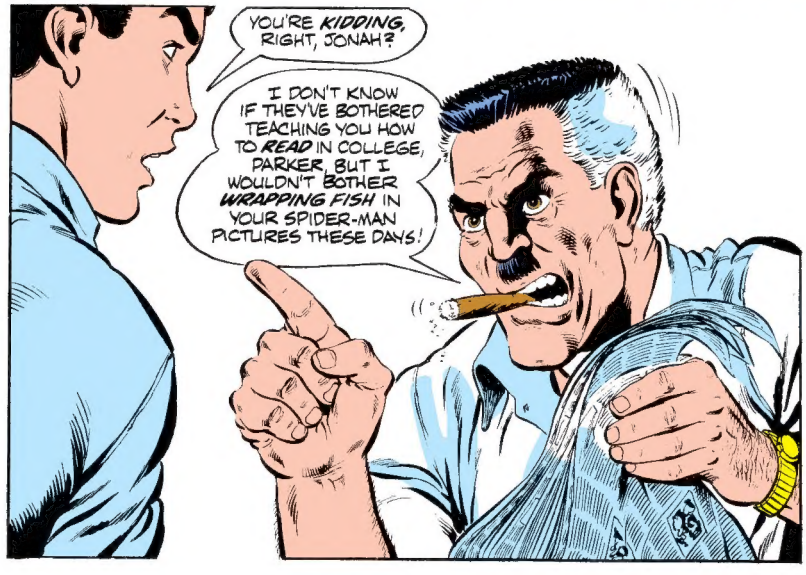

WITH THE FRANTIC CRIME SCENE GOING DOWN, NOT TO MENTION MY SCHOOLWORK, I'VE HARDLY HAD TIME TO BREATHE, MUCH LESS PAY MY RESPECTS TO MY FAVORITE NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER, J. JONAH JAMESON!
GOOD THING HE'S WORKING LATE TONIGHT, BECAUSE I'M BROKE AND TODAY OUGHTTA BE A DYNAMITE PAYDAY--

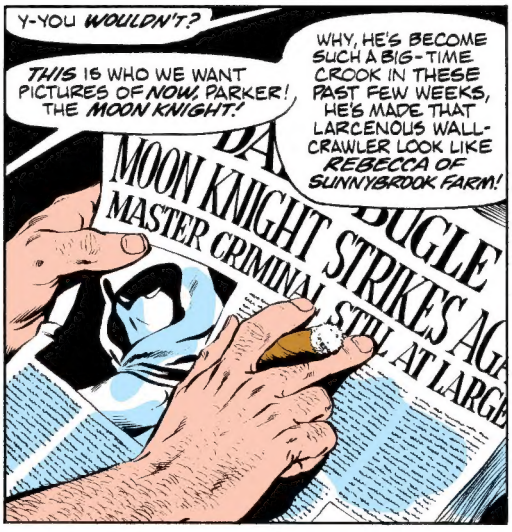
--FOR THE SIMPLE REASON THAT IN THE LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS I'VE MANAGED TO COME UP WITH A WHOLE POCKETFUL OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN IN NERVE-NUMBING ANTI-UNDERWORLD ACTION!

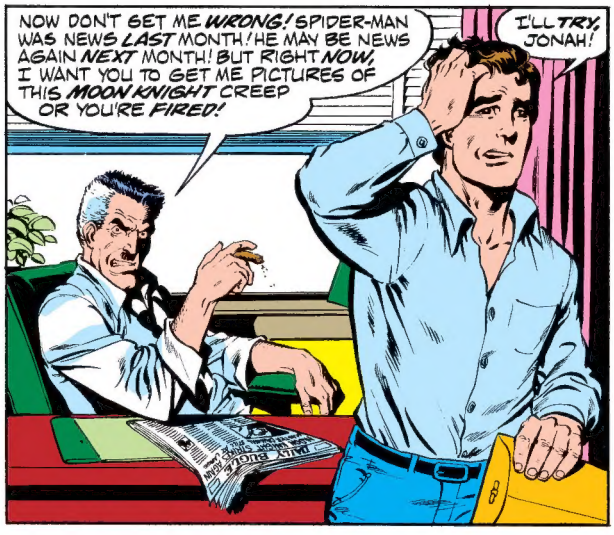

MOMENTS LATER...
PARKER, YOU MORONIC NINCOMPOOP! WHERE THE DEVIL HAVE YOU BEEN?
BEEN WORRIED ABOUT ME, J. J. J?
WORRIED ABOUT YOU? NO, PARKER, I HAVEN'T BEEN WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

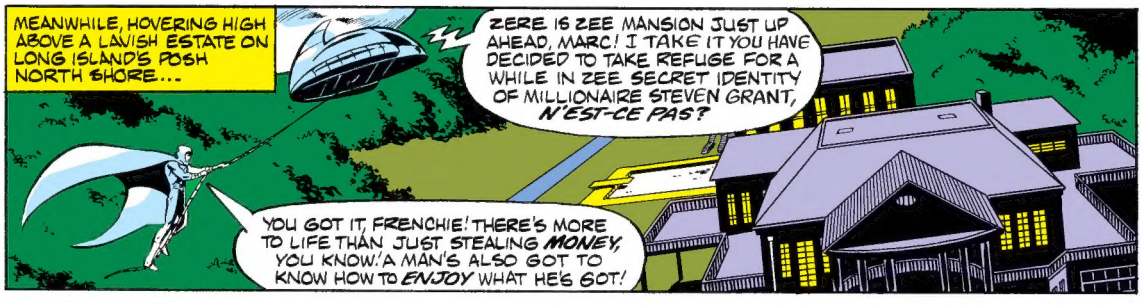
BUT WHEN YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR AN ASSIGNMENT FOR NEARLY THREE WEEKS RUNNING, PARKER, I DID ASSUME THAT MY MOST PERENNIALLY IMPOVERISHED FREELANCER HAD PROBABLY DIED AND GONE TO HEAVEN!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, J. J. J!
DAILY BUGLE

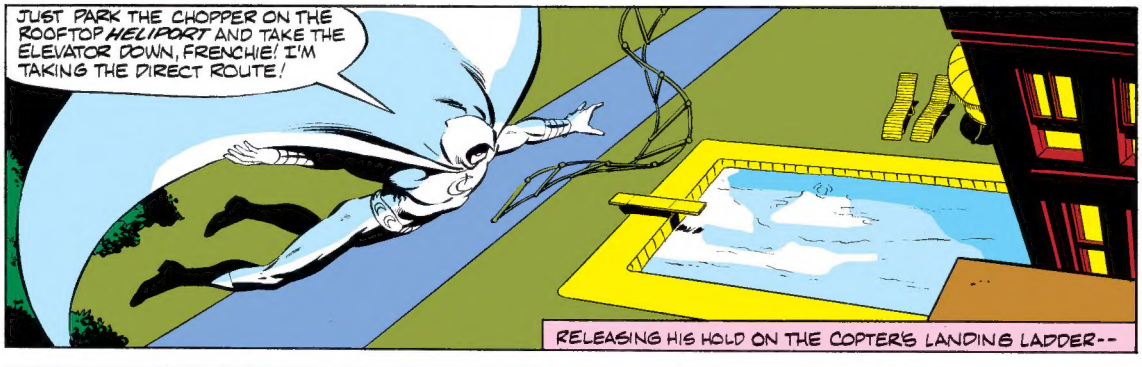
BUT I HAVE BEEN BUSY TAKING THESE PULITZER-PRIZEWINNING PHOTOGRAPHS OF SPIDER-MAN IN--
SPIDER-MAN? WHO'S SPIDER-MAN?

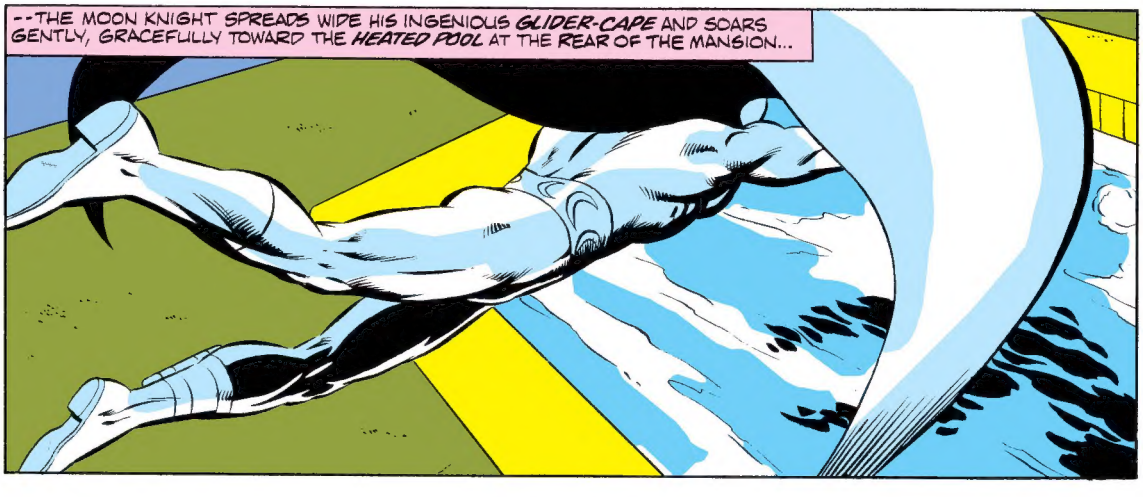

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT, JONAH?
I DON'T KNOW IF THEY'VE BOTHERED TEACHING YOU HOW TO READ IN COLLEGE, PARKER, BUT I WOULDN'T BOTHER WRAPPING FISH IN YOUR SPIDER-MAN PICTURES THESE DAYS!

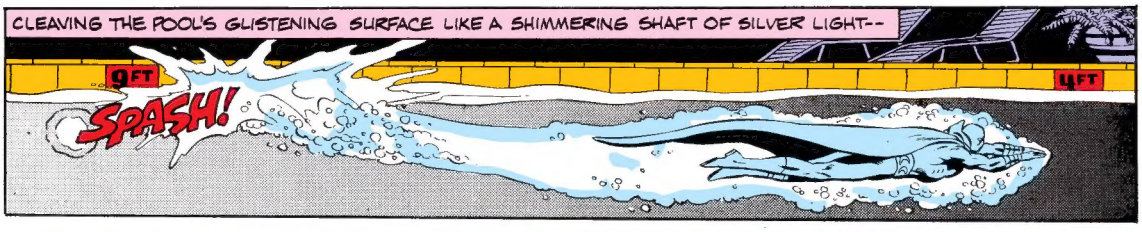

Y-YOU WOULDN'T?
THIS IS WHO WE WANT PICTURES OF NOW, PARKER! THE MOON KNIGHT!
WHY, HE'S BECOME SUCH A BIG-TIME CROOK IN THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, HE'S MADE THAT LARCENOUS WALL-CRAWLER LOOK LIKE REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM!
MOON KNIGHT STRIKES AG
MASTER CRIMINAL STILL AT LARGE

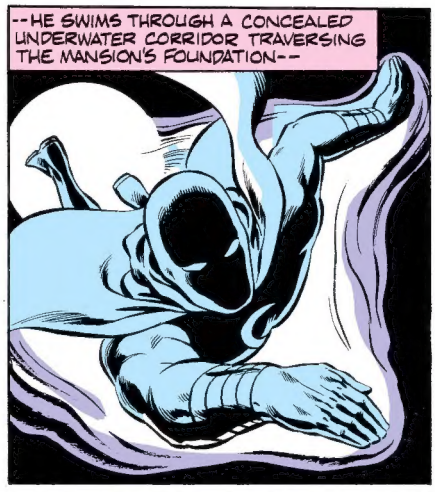

NOW DON'T GET ME WRONG! SPIDER-MAN WAS NEWS LAST MONTH! HE MAY BE NEWS AGAIN NEXT MONTH! BUT RIGHT NOW, I WANT YOU TO GET ME PICTURES OF THIS MOON KNIGHT CREEP OR YOU'RE FIRED!
I'LL TRY, JONAH!

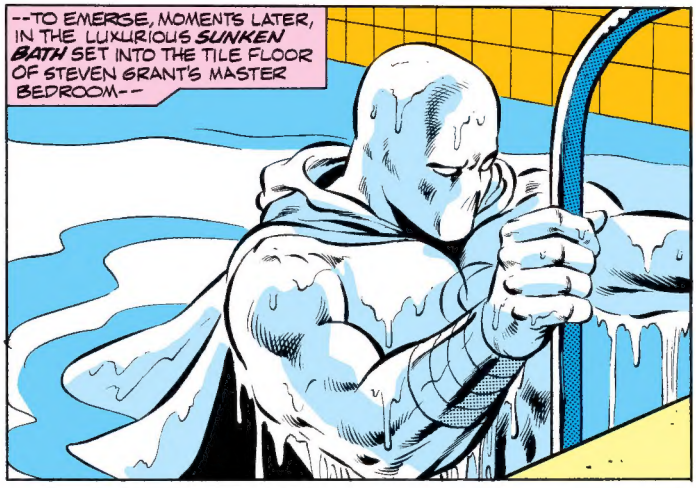

MEANWHILE, HOVERING HIGH ABOVE A LAVISH ESTATE ON LONG ISLAND'S POSH NORTH SHORE...
ZERE IS ZEE MANSION JUST UP AHEAD, MARC! I TAKE IT YOU HAVE DECIDED TO TAKE REFUGE FOR A WHILE IN ZEE SECRET IDENTITY OF MILLIONAIRE STEVEN GRANT, N'EST-CE PAS?
YOU GOT IT, FRENCHIE! THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN JUST STEALING MONEY, YOU KNOW! A MAN'S ALSO GOT TO KNOW HOW TO ENJOY WHAT HE'S GOT!

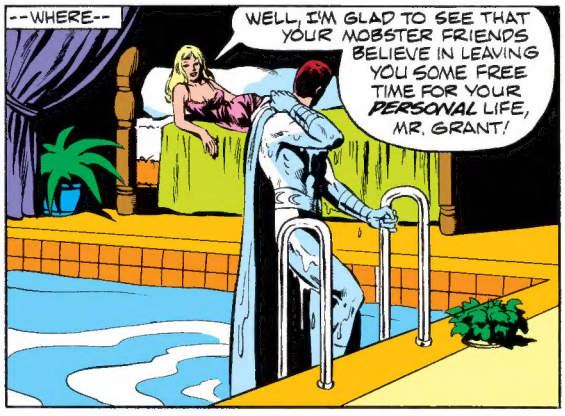

JUST PARK THE CHOPPER ON THE ROOFTOP HELIPORT AND TAKE THE ELEVATOR DOWN, FRENCHIE! I'M TAKING THE DIRECT ROUTE!
RELEASING HIS HOLD ON THE COPTER'S LANDING LADDER--

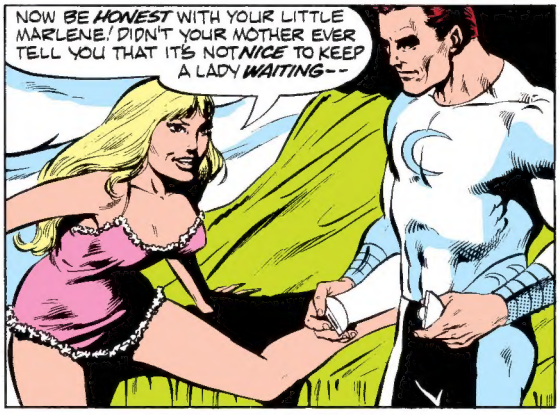

--THE MOON KNIGHT SPREADS WIDE HIS INGENIOUS GLIDER-CAPE AND SOARS GENTLY, GRACEFULLY TOWARD THE HEATED POOL AT THE REAR OF THE MANSION...

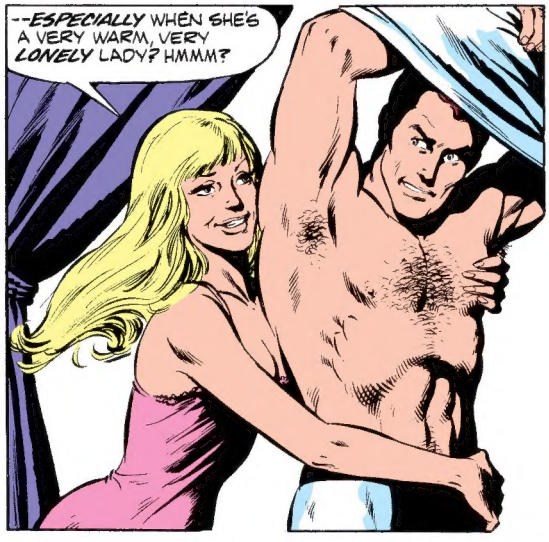

CLEAVING THE POOL'S GLISTENING SURFACE LIKE A SHIMMERING SHAFT OF SILVER LIGHT--
9FT
SPASH!
9FT

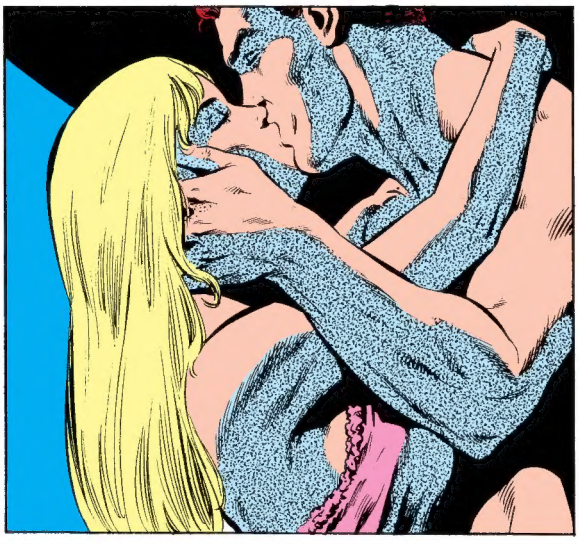

--HE SWIMS THROUGH A CONCEALED UNDERWATER CORRIDOR TRAVERSING THE MANSION'S FOUNDATION--


--TO EMERSE, MOMENTS LATER, IN THE LUXURIOUS SUNKEN BATH SET INTO THE TILE FLOOR OF STEVEN GRANT'S MASTER BEDROOM--

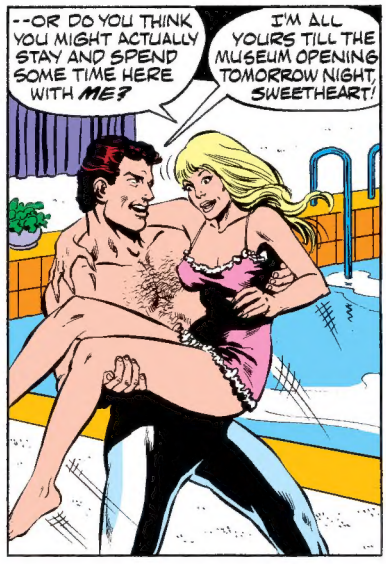

--WHERE--
WELL, I'M GLAD TO SEE THAT YOUR MOBSTER FRIENDS BELIEVE IN LEAVING YOU SOME FREE TIME FOR YOUR PERSONAL LIFE, MR. GRANT!

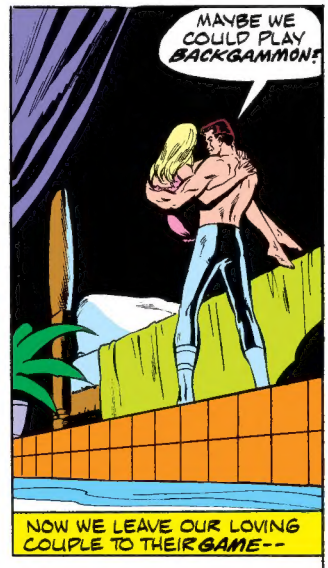

NOW BE HONEST WITH YOUR LITTLE MARLENE! DIDN'T YOUR MOTHER EVER TELL YOU THAT IT'S NOT NICE TO KEEP A LADY WAITING--

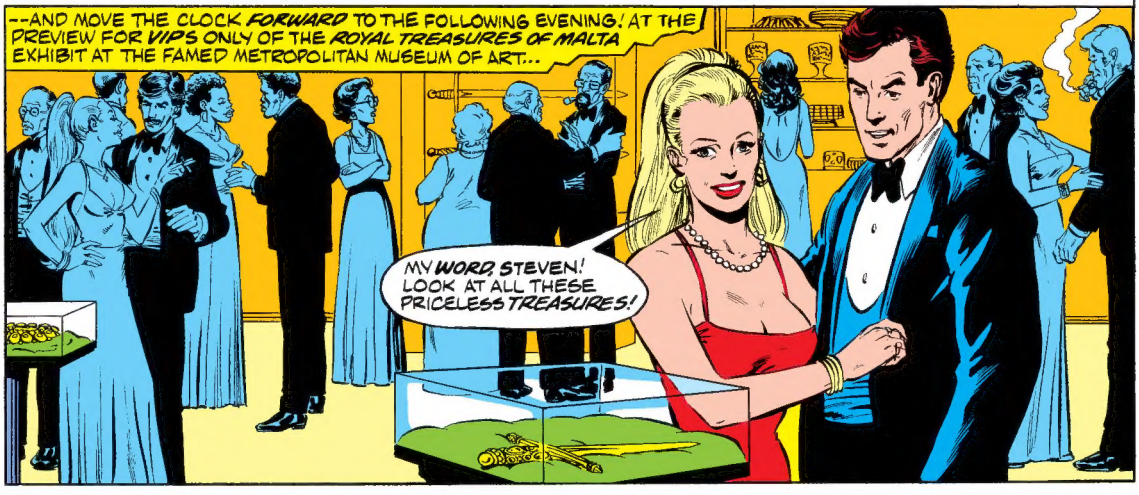

--ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE'S A VERY WARM, VERY LONELY LADY? HMMM?

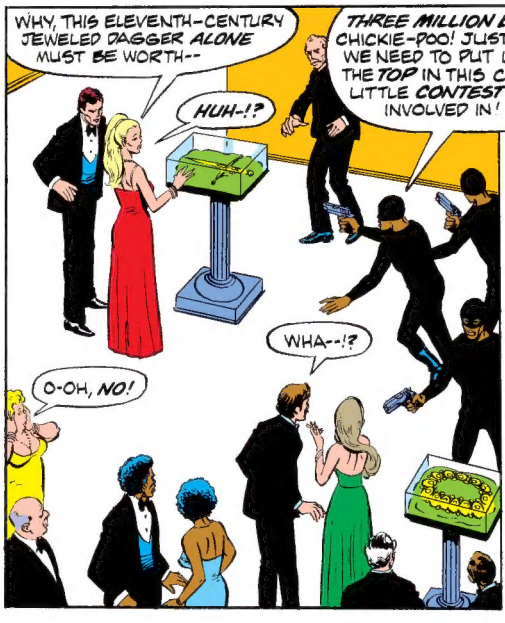


NOW TELL ME, MR. GRANT! ARE YOU ABOUT TO RUN OFF AGAIN TO BECOME CAB DRIVER JAKE LOCKLEY OR ONE OF YOUR NUMEROUS OTHER ALTERNATE IDENTITIES--


--OR DO YOU THINK YOU MIGHT ACTUALLY STAY AND SPEND SOME TIME HERE WITH ME?
I'M ALL YOURS TILL THE MUSEUM OPENING TOMORROW NIGHT, SWEETHEART!


MAYBE WE COULD PLAY BACKGAMMON!
NOW WE LEAVE OUR LOVING COUPLE TO THEIR GAME--


--AND MOVE THE CLOCK FORWARD TO THE FOLLOWING EVENING! AT THE PREVIEW FOR VIPS ONLY OF THE ROYAL TREASURES OF MALTA EXHIBIT AT THE FAMED METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART...
MY WORD, STEVEN! LOOK AT ALL THESE PRICELESS TREASURES!


WHY, THIS ELEVENTH-CENTURY JEWELED DAGGER ALONE MUST BE WORTH--
HUH-!?
THREE MILLION BALLOONS, CHICKIE-POO! JUST THE AMOUNT WE NEED TO PUT US OVER THE TOP IN THIS CERTAIN LITTLE CONTEST WE'RE INVOLVED IN!
WHA--!?
O-OH, NO!

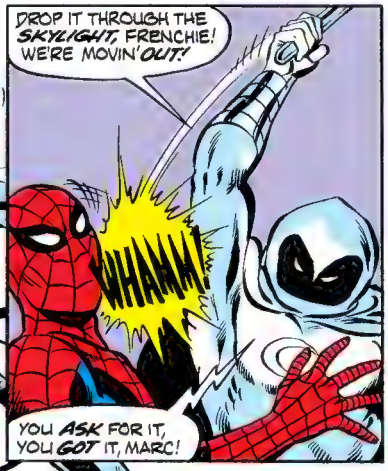
OKAY, EVERYBODY! GET AWAY FROM THAT DISPLAY CASE AND PUT YOUR HANDS WHERE WE CAN SEE 'EM! NOBODY GIVE US TROUBLE, AN' NOBODY'LL GET HURT!
AS THE TERRIFIED MUSEUMGOERS MOVE TO OBEY THE CRIMINAL'S COMMAND--

--NO ONE NOTICES MILLIONAIRE STEVEN GRANT SLIPPING AWAY INTO A NEARBY ALCOVE TO EXCHANGE HIS BLACK TIE AND DINNER JACKET--
--FOR THE BLACK AND SILVER GARB OF--
--THE MOON KNIGHT!!
HUH-!? IT'S THE MOON KNIGHT!
HE WASN'T HERE A MINUTE AGO! WHERE'D HE COME FROM?
NNNGHH!
CHUD!
LIKE A DANCING DERVISH OF QUICKSILVER, THE MOON KNIGHT WHIRLS AMONG THE DUMBFOUNDED THUGS, WITH RAPID-FIRE COMBINATIONS OF JACK-HAMMER BLOWS, HE BOWLS THEM OVER LIKE TENPINS...
GHAAAA!
SPOK!
AND WITHIN MOMENTS...
SWOK!
WOW! DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE LAID THOSE BADDIES OUT? AND TO THINK THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE BEEN CALLING HIM A CROOK!
I ALWAYS KNEW HE COULDN'T REALLY--
HUH-!?
OKAY, FRENCHIE! I'VE GOT THE BAUBLE! ZOOM IN LOW AND--
SMASH!
THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE ZOOMING TO, SWEETHEART, IS STRAIGHT TO THE SLAMMER--

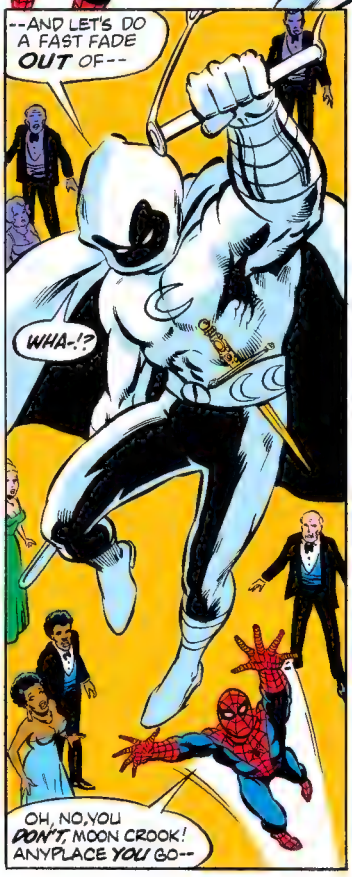
--OR MY NAME ISN'T--
SPIDER-MAN--!?
UNNGHH!
WHUMPH!
YOU RECOGNIZED ME! I'M TOUCHED! I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, FRIEND--

THEY MAY CALL YOU THE MOON KNIGHT--
UNNHHH!
WOCK!

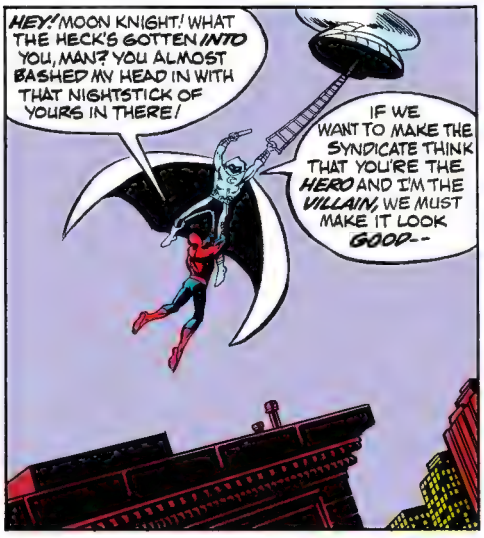
--BUT THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOING TO BE SEEING FOR THE NEXT HALF HOUR IS STARS!
WHA--?

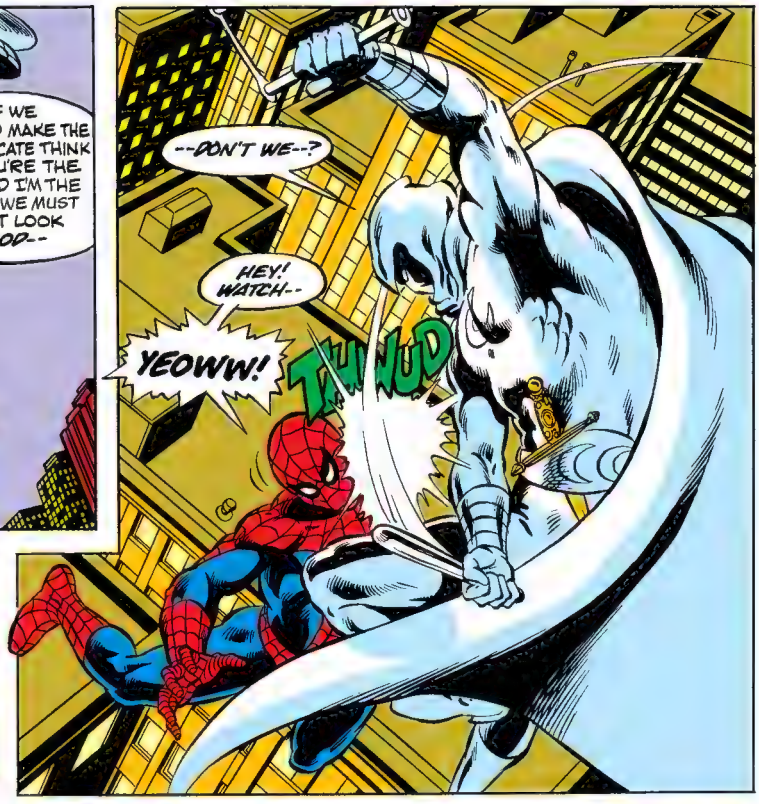

DROP IT THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT, FRENCHIE! WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!
WHAAM!
YOU ASK FOR IT, YOU GOT IT, MARC!

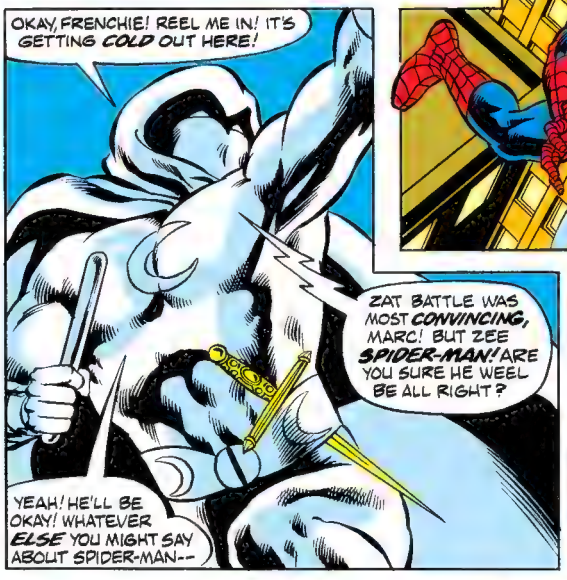
KRAAASSH
I GOT IT FRENCHIE! NOW TAKE 'ER UP--

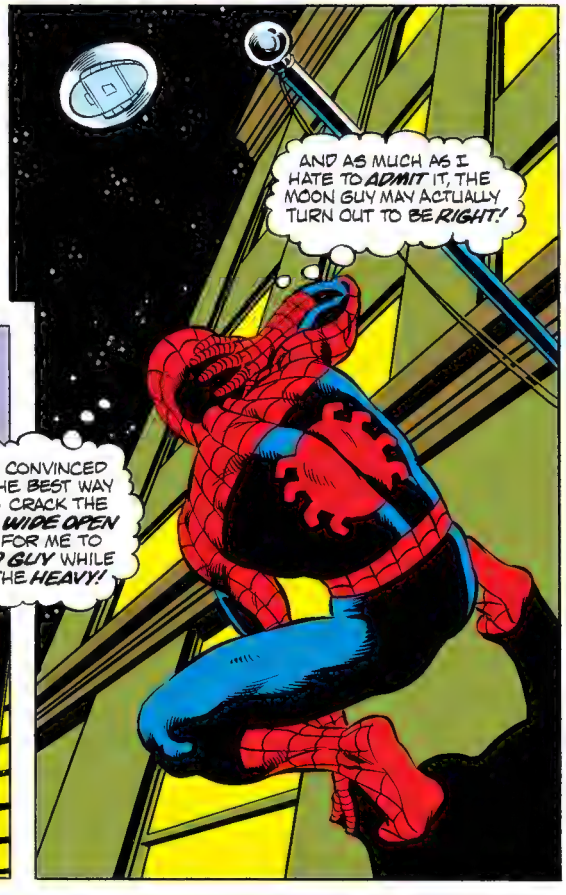

--AND LET'S DO A FAST FADE OUT OF--
WHA-!?
OH, NO, YOU DON'T, MOON CROOK! ANYPLACE YOU GO--

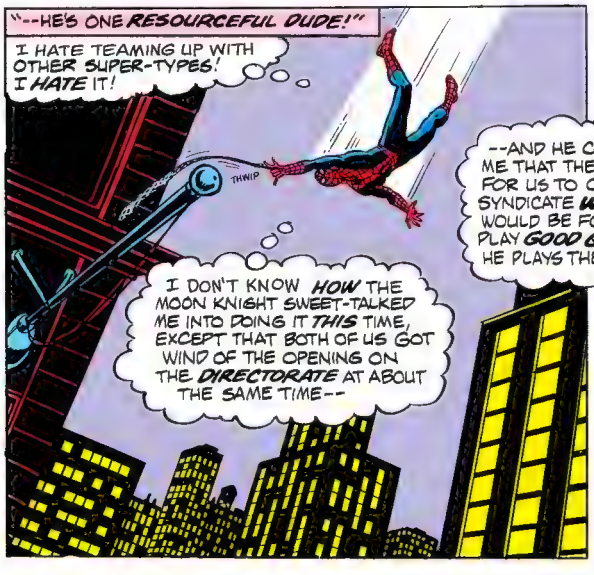
--YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-TYPE GOES!
OH, YEAH? WELL NOT FOR LONG! 'CAUSE SOON'S I KICK YOU OFF THIS LADDER, ALL THAT'S GONNA BE LEFT'A YOU IS A CAN FULL'A SPIDER SLOP!


HEY! MOON KNIGHT! WHAT THE HECK'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, MAN? YOU ALMOST BASHED MY HEAD IN WITH THAT NIGHTSTICK OF YOURS IN THERE!
IF WE WANT TO MAKE THE SYNDICATE THINK THAT YOU'RE THE HERO AND I'M THE VILLAIN, WE MUST MAKE IT LOOK GOOD--


--DON'T WE--?
HEY! WATCH--
YEOWW!
THUD


OKAY, FRENCHIE! REEL ME IN! IT'S GETTING COLD OUT HERE!
ZAT BATTLE WAS MOST CONVINCING, MARC! BUT ZEE SPIDER-MAN! ARE YOU SURE HE WEEL BE ALL RIGHT?
YEAH! HE'LL BE OKAY! WHATEVER ELSE YOU MIGHT SAY ABOUT SPIDER-MAN--


AND AS MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, THE MOON GUY MAY ACTUALLY TURN OUT TO BE RIGHT!


"--HE'S ONE RESOURCEFUL DUDE!"
I HATE TEAMING UP WITH OTHER SUPER-TYPES! I HATE IT!
THWIP
I DON'T KNOW HOW THE MOON KNIGHT SWEET-TALKED ME INTO DOING IT THIS TIME, EXCEPT THAT BOTH OF US GOT WIND OF THE OPENING ON THE DIRECTORATE AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME--
--AND HE CONVINCED ME THAT THE BEST WAY FOR US TO CRACK THE SYNDICATE WIDE OPEN WOULD BE FOR ME TO PLAY GOOD GUY WHILE HE PLAYS THE HEAVY!

WE CAN ALWAYS CATCH ONE MOBSTER AT A TIME, BUT WHOEVER GETS THE *SECRETARY'S* SPOT ALSO GETS A BOX OF *MICROFILM* CONTAINING THE NAMES, HIDEOUTS, AND ALTERNATE IDENTITIES OF JUST ABOUT EVERY BIG-TIME GANGSTER IN THE *UNITED STATES!*

CLICKA CLICKA CLICKA CLICKA

IF WE COULD GET OUR MITTS ON THAT, *HUNDREDS* OF WANTED CRIMINALS COULD BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE PRACTICALLY *OVERNIGHT!*

AND THERE ARE SOME FRINGE BENEFITS FOR *ME* AS WELL, SUCH AS THESE KEEN PIX I JUST SNAPPED OF *MOON KNIGHT* AND YOURS TRULY GOING AT EACH OTHER TOOTH AND CLAW OVER NIGHTTIME MANHATTAN!

MEANWHILE...

CONGRATULATIONS, MOON KNIGHT! IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR HAVING OUTSTRIPPED YOUR RIVALS AND EXCEEDED THE *$10,000,000* MARK, THE POSITION OF SECRETARY OF THE UNDERWORLD DIRECTORATE WILL NOW BE *YOURS*, ONCE YOU HAVE COMPLETED A FINAL *QUALIFYING TASK!*

FINAL TASK!? *WHAT FINAL TASK?*

IIGHT OB CHIC

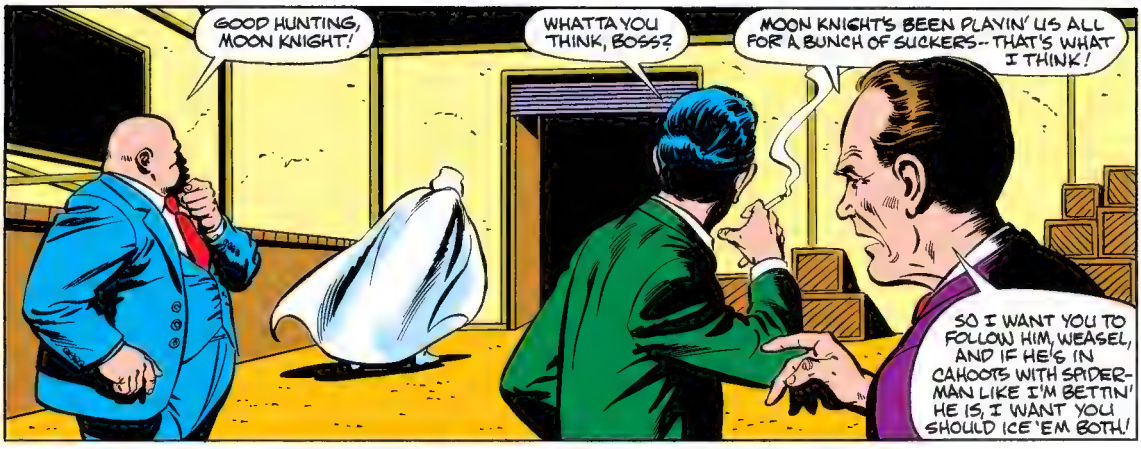
PACK DETROIT $8,100,0

MOON NIGHT NEW YORK $11,400,000

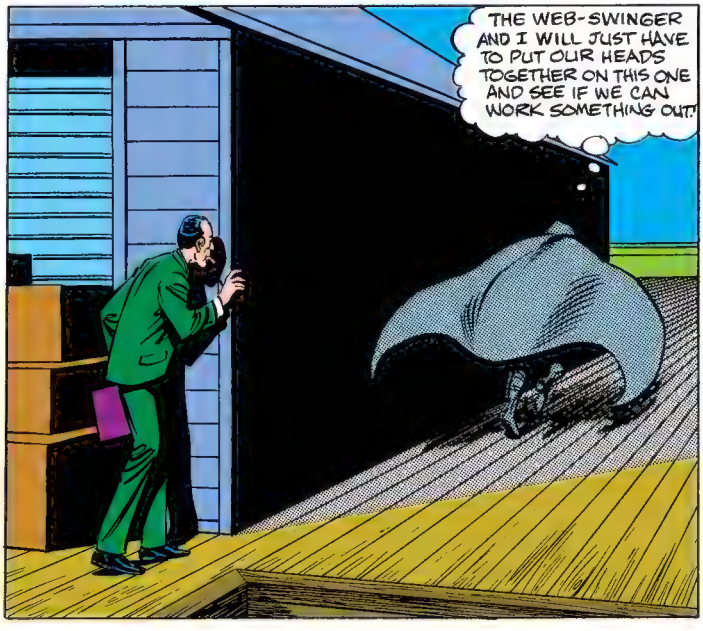
IN ORDER TO GIVE YOU THE *OPPORTUNITY* OF DISPELLING ANY LINGERING NOTION THAT YOU MIGHT *STILL* BE CLINGING TO THE VALUES OF YOUR CRIME-FIGHTING PAST, THE DIRECTORATE HAS VOTED THAT YOU *NOT* BE PERMITTED TO ASSUME YOUR NEW POSITION--

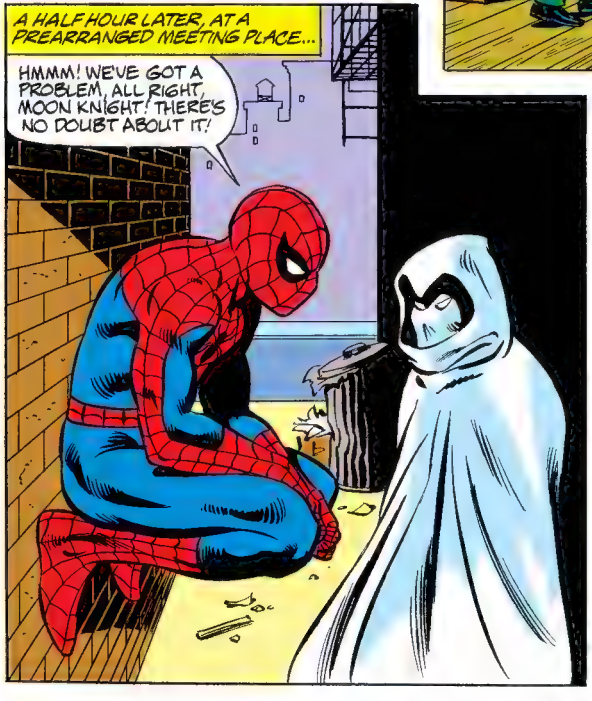
--UNTIL YOU HAVE *PROVEN* YOUR LOYALTY TO THE UNDERWORLD BY *ASSASSINATING* ONE OF OUR GREATEST FOES, *SPIDER-MAN*, AND BRINGING HIS BODY *HERE*, TO THIS *CONVENTION!*

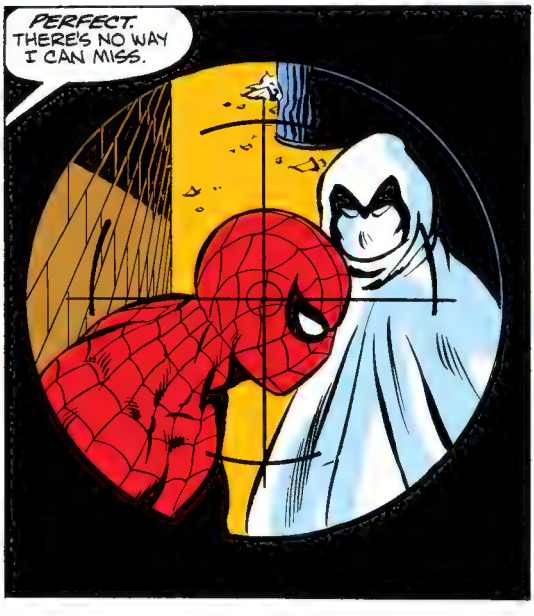
UH-OH, I HADN'T COUNTED ON ANYTHING LIKE *THIS!*


GOOD HUNTING, MOON KNIGHT!
WHATTA YOU THINK, BOSS?
MOON KNIGHT'S BEEN PLAYIN' US ALL FOR A BUNCH OF SUCKERS-- THAT'S WHAT I THINK!
SO I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW HIM, WEASEL, AND IF HE'S IN CAHOOTS WITH SPIDER-MAN LIKE I'M BETTIN' HE IS, I WANT YOU SHOULD ICE 'EM BOTH!

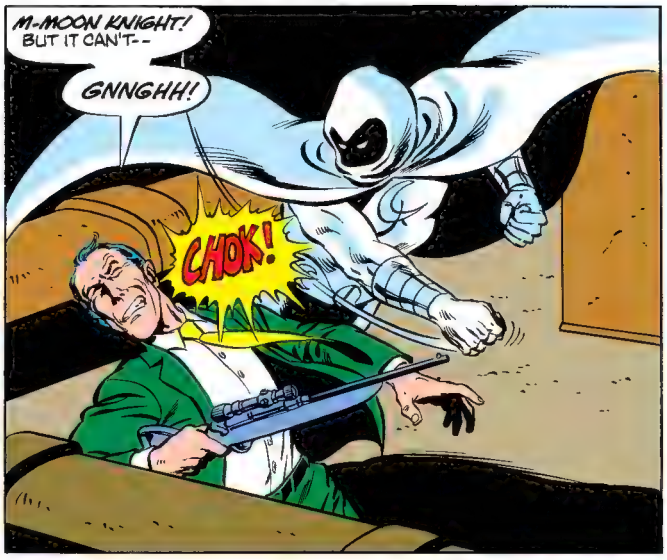
AND SO...
OH, BROTHER! BEING TOLD TO KILL SPIDER-MAN IS ONE WRINKLE I DIDN'T ANTICIPATE AT ALL!

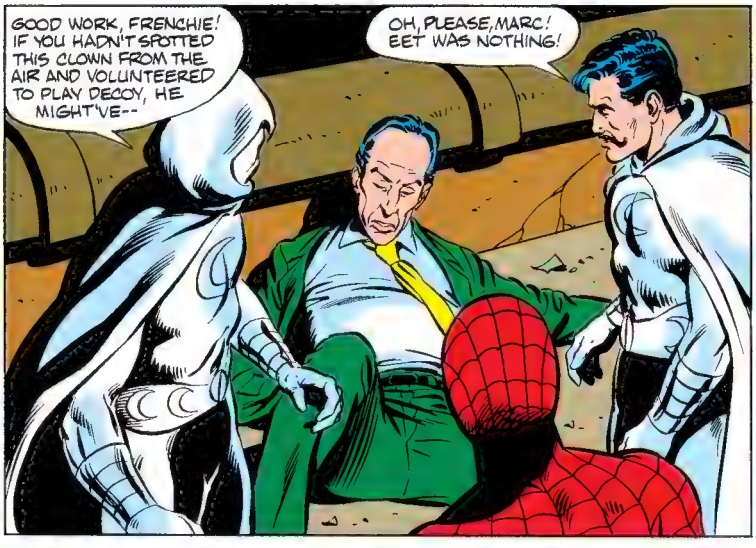

THE WEB-SWINGER AND I WILL JUST HAVE TO PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER ON THIS ONE AND SEE IF WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT!


A HALF HOUR LATER, AT A PREARRANGED MEETING PLACE...
HMMM! WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM, ALL RIGHT, MOON KNIGHT! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!

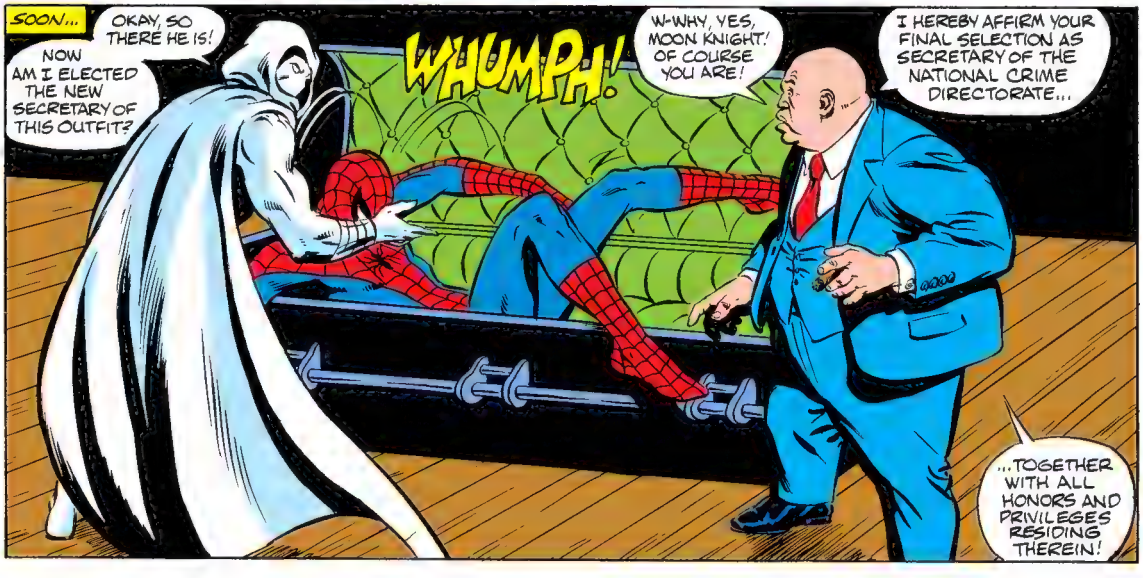

PERFECT. THERE'S NO WAY I CAN MISS.

'CAUSE IN TWO MORE SEC--
AVON CALLING! WANT TO BUY SOME COSMETICS?
HUNH-!?!

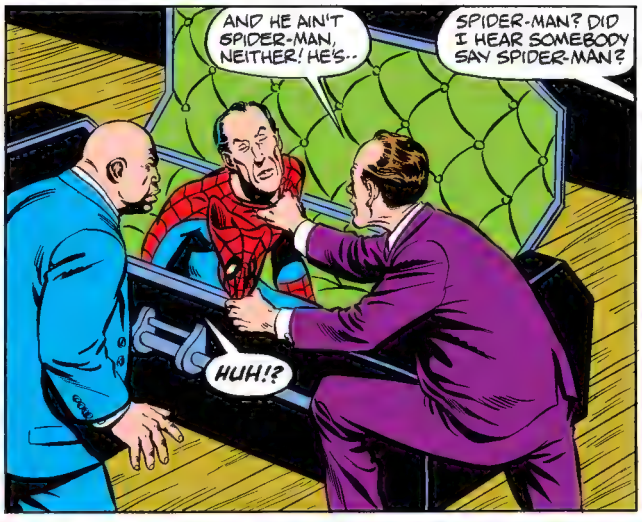

M-MOON KNIGHT! BUT IT CAN'T--
GNNGHH!
CHOK!


GOOD WORK, FRENCHIE! IF YOU HADN'T SPOTTED THIS CLOWN FROM THE AIR AND VOLUNTEERED TO PLAY DECOY, HE MIGHT'VE--
OH, PLEASE, MARC! EET WAS NOTHING!

SOMETIMES, YOU KNOW, I LIKE TO PLAY FOR ONCE ZEE ROLE OF HERO!

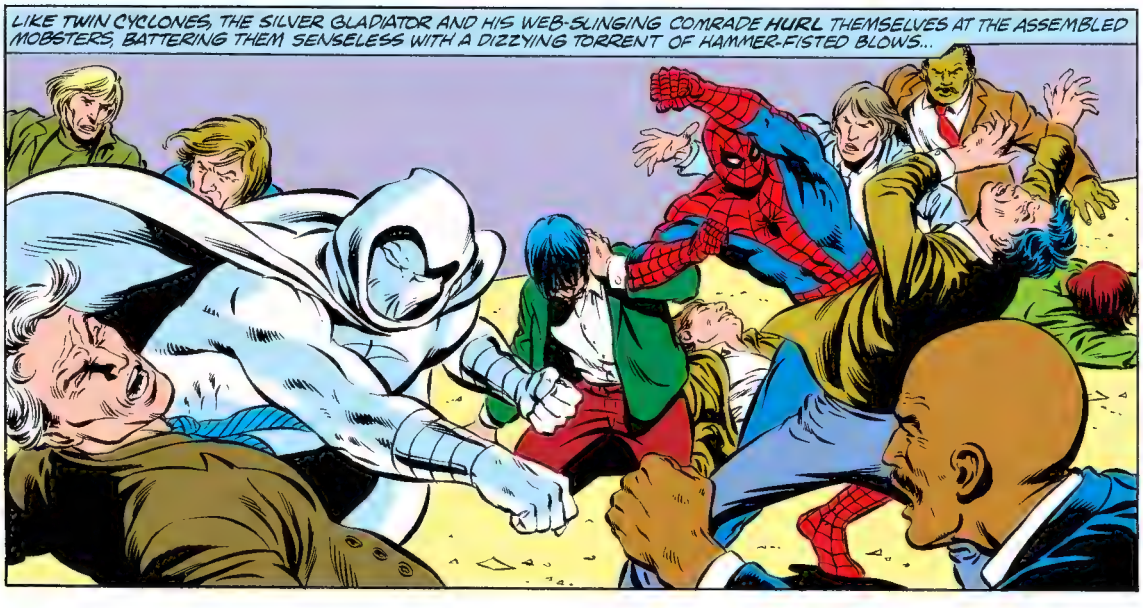

SOON...
OKAY, SO THERE HE IS!
NOW AM I ELECTED THE NEW SECRETARY OF THIS OUTFIT?
WHUMPH!
W-WHY, YES, MOON KNIGHT! OF COURSE YOU ARE!
I HEREBY AFFIRM YOUR FINAL SELECTION AS SECRETARY OF THE NATIONAL CRIME DIRECTORATE...
...TOGETHER WITH ALL HONORS AND PRIVILEGES RESIDING THEREIN!

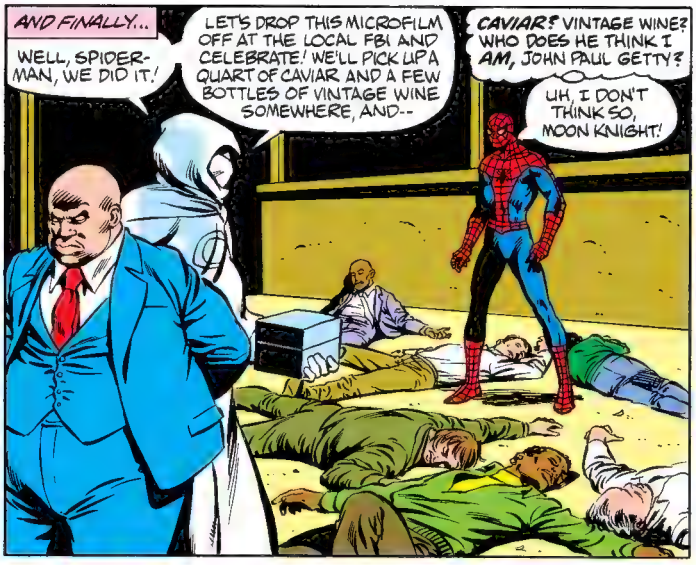
AS SECRETARY, YOU WILL BE CUSTODIAN OF THIS VITAL MICROFILE, CONTAINING--
HEY! WAIT A FREAKIN' MINUTE THERE! THIS GUY IN THE COFFIN AIN'T DEAD!
H-HE'S ALIVE!

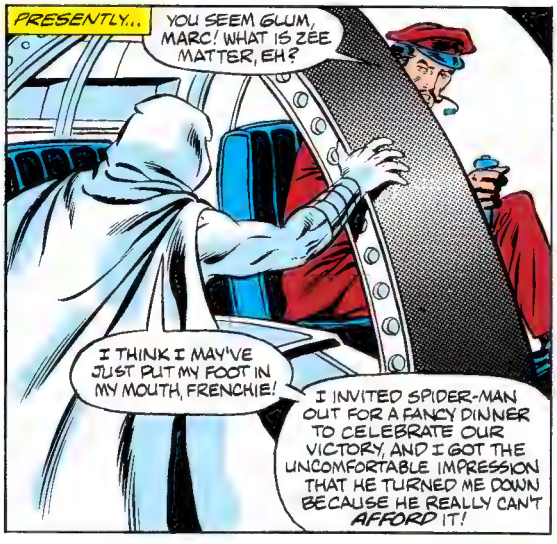

AND HE AIN'T SPIDER-MAN, NEITHER! HE'S--
SPIDER-MAN? DID I HEAR SOMEBODY SAY SPIDER-MAN?
HUH!?

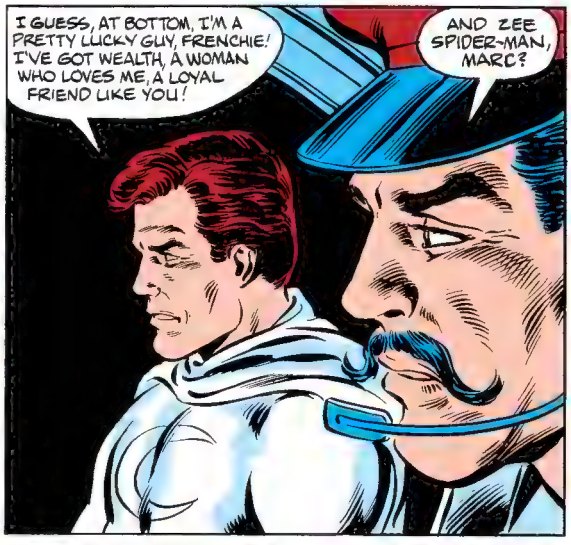
YOU MEAN YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING A CONVENTION AND YOU DIDN'T INVITE ME?
WHOK!
OOOFF!

KPOW
POK
HOW AWFULLY TACKY!
UNNGHH!


LIKE TWIN CYCLONES, THE SILVER GLADIATOR AND HIS WEB-SLINGING COMRADE HURL THEMSELVES AT THE ASSEMBLED MOBSTERS, BATTERING THEM SENSELESS WITH A DIZZYING TORRENT OF HAMMER-FISTED BLOWS...



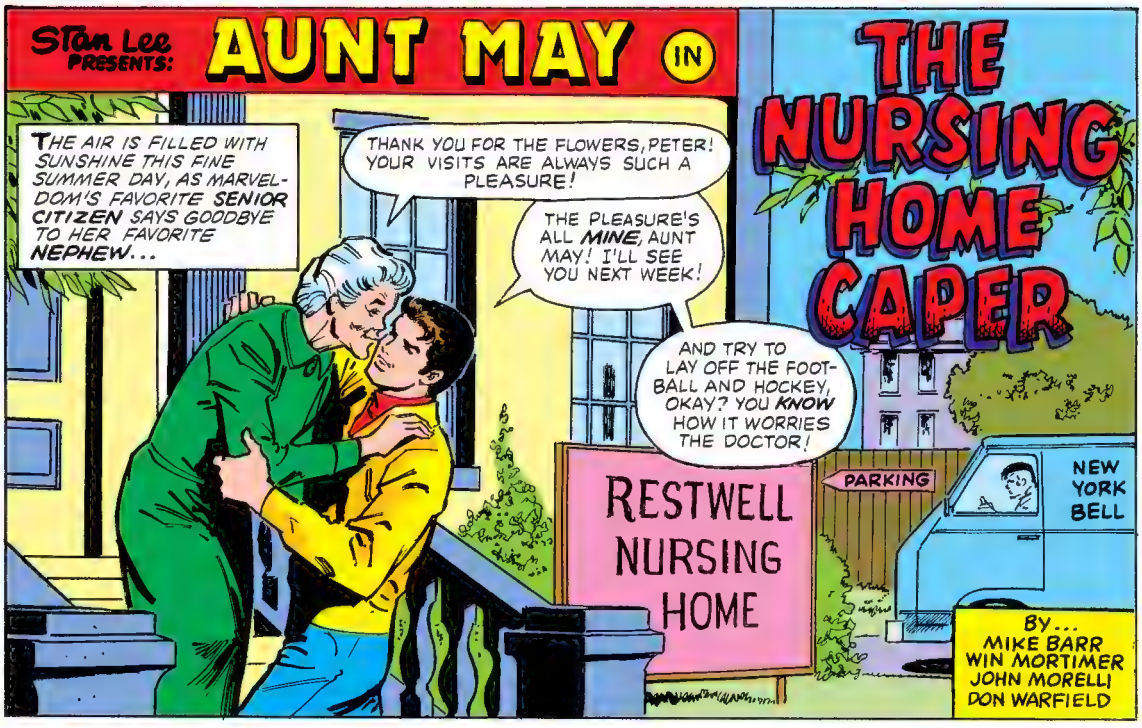




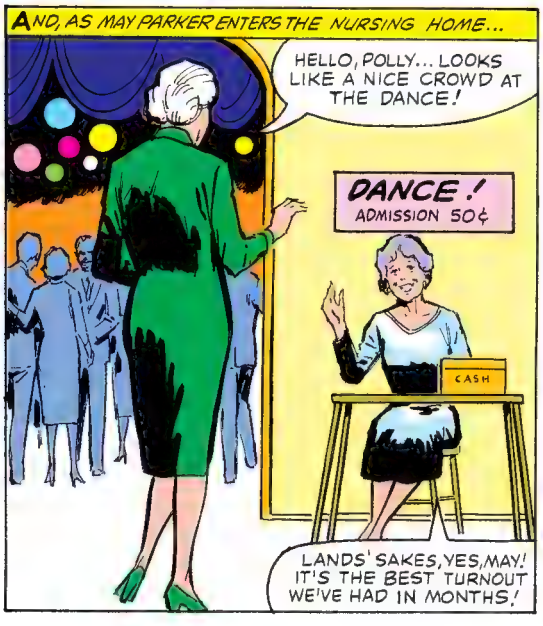
NEXT

BEWARE THE WRATH OF...

RAMROD!


STan Lee PRESENTS: AUNT MAY IN THE NURSING HOME CAPER
THE AIR IS FILLED WITH SUNSHINE THIS FINE SUMMER DAY, AS MARVELDOM'S FAVORITE SENIOR CITIZEN SAYS GOODBYE TO HER FAVORITE NEPHEW...
THANK YOU FOR THE FLOWERS, PETER! YOUR VISITS ARE ALWAYS SUCH A PLEASURE!
THE PLEASURE'S ALL MINE, AUNT MAY! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!
AND TRY TO LAY OFF THE FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY, OKAY? YOU KNOW HOW IT WORRIES THE DOCTOR!
RESTWELL NURSING HOME
PARKING
NEW YORK BELL
BY... MIKE BARR WIN MORTIMER JOHN MORELLI DON WARFIELD

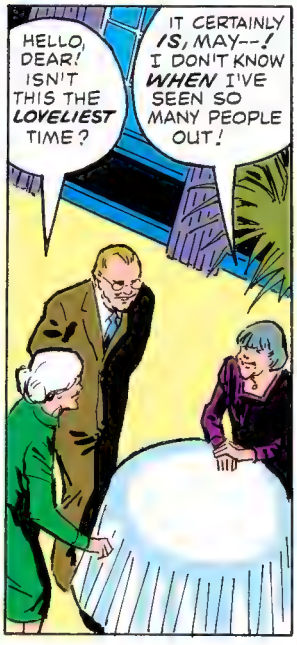
OH, PETER, YOU'RE SUCH A CAUTION! YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE A SPRY SIXTY YEAR OLD!
THAT'LL BE ENOUGH OF THAT, AUNT MAY! YOU GET TO LOOKING ANY YOUNGER...
YOUR FRIENDS'LL THINK I'M YOUR BROTHER, NOT YOUR NEPHEW! SEE YA!

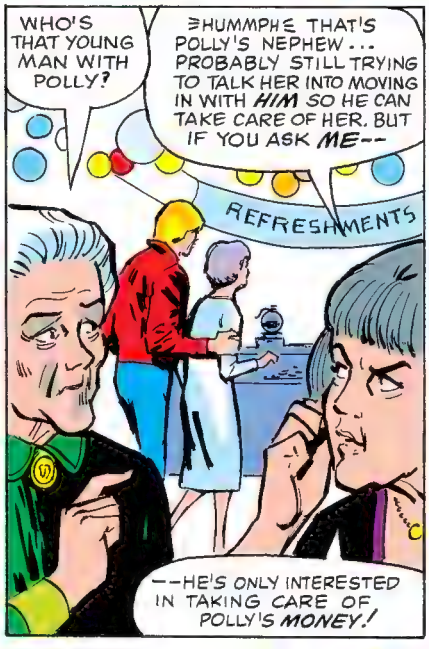

AND, AS MAY PARKER ENTERS THE NURSING HOME...
HELLO, POLLY... LOOKS LIKE A NICE CROWD AT THE DANCE!
DANCE! ADMISSION 50¢
CASH
LANDS' SAKES, YES, MAY! IT'S THE BEST TURNOUT WE'VE HAD IN MONTHS!

BUT YOU KNOW, I DON'T QUITE TRUST THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE IN THE BAND--THEY DRESS SO FUNNY!
OH, NONSENSE, POLLY! YOUNG PEOPLE ALWAYS DRESS FUNNY! IT'S A STAGE THEY GO THROUGH!

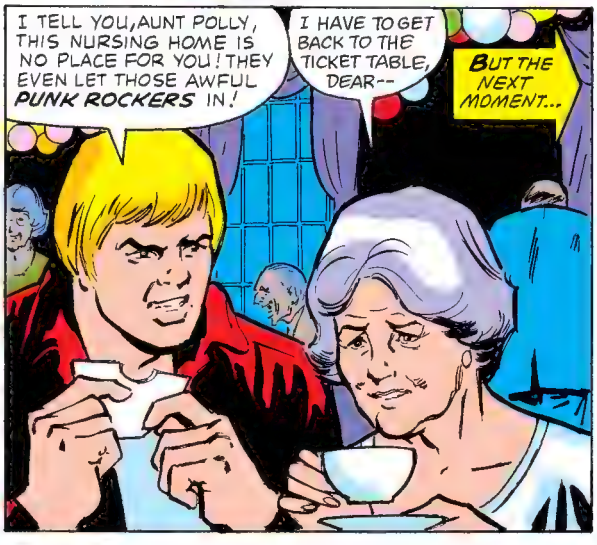
THE SHRIEKERS
SHRIEKERS
AND EVEN IF THEY DO DRESS STRANGELY, THEY PLAY WELL...
...AND THEY'RE THE ONLY BAND WE COULD AFFORD!

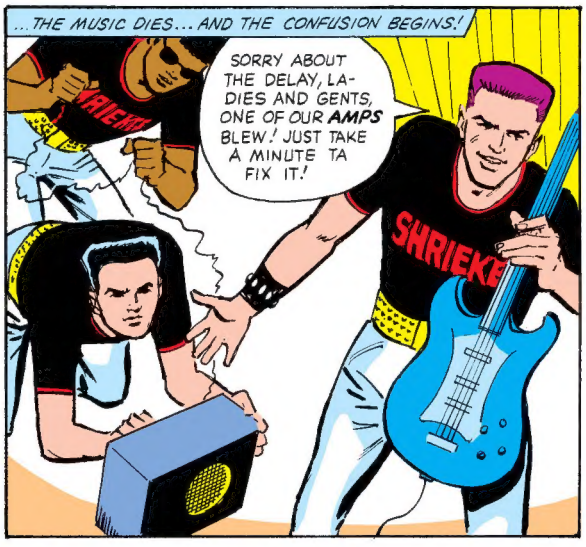
HEY THERE, BEAUTIFUL! HOW ABOUT CUTTIN' A RUG?
WHY, I'D LOVE THAT, MR. BREWSTER! JUST LET ME SAY HELLO TO ANNA WATSON!


HELLO, DEAR! ISN'T THIS THE LOVELIEST TIME?
IT CERTAINLY IS, MAY--! I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE SEEN SO MANY PEOPLE OUT!


WHO'S THAT YOUNG MAN WITH POLLY?
HUMMPH! THAT'S POLLY'S NEPHEW... PROBABLY STILL TRYING TO TALK HER INTO MOVING IN WITH HIM SO HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HER. BUT IF YOU ASK ME--
REFRESHMENTS
--HE'S ONLY INTERESTED IN TAKING CARE OF POLLY'S MONEY!

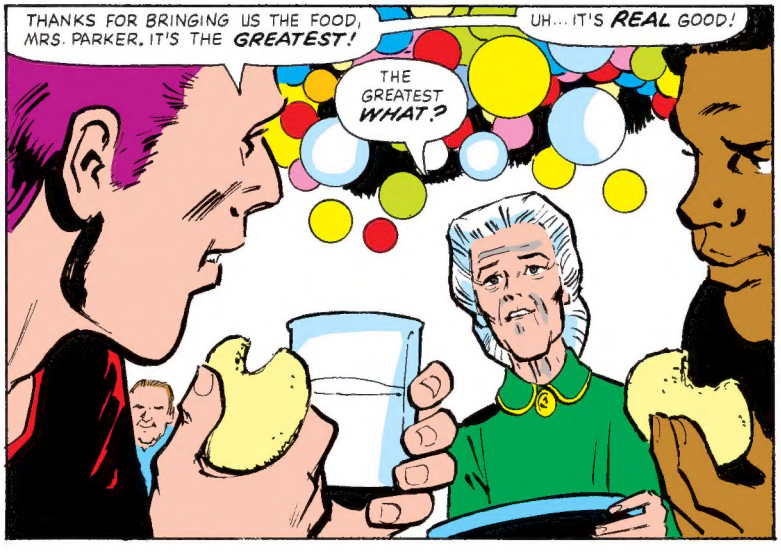
HOW ABOUT A FOX TROT, MAY? NOT TOO FAST THOUGH!
THAT SOUNDS DELIGHTFUL, MR. BREWSTER! I'M HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME...
...I ONLY WISH NATHAN HADN'T HAD THAT DOCTOR'S APPOINTMENT! HE WOULD HAVE ENJOYED THIS SO!

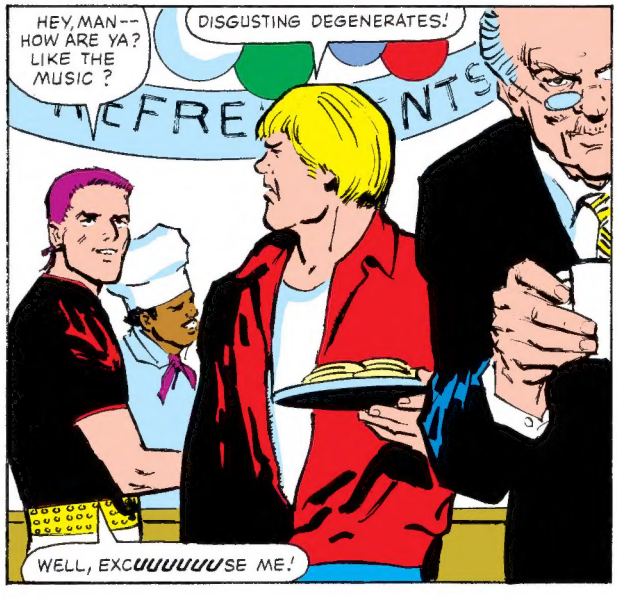

I TELL YOU, AUNT POLLY, THIS NURSING HOME IS NO PLACE FOR YOU! THEY EVEN LET THOSE AWFUL PUNK ROCKERS IN!
I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE TICKET TABLE, DEAR--
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT...

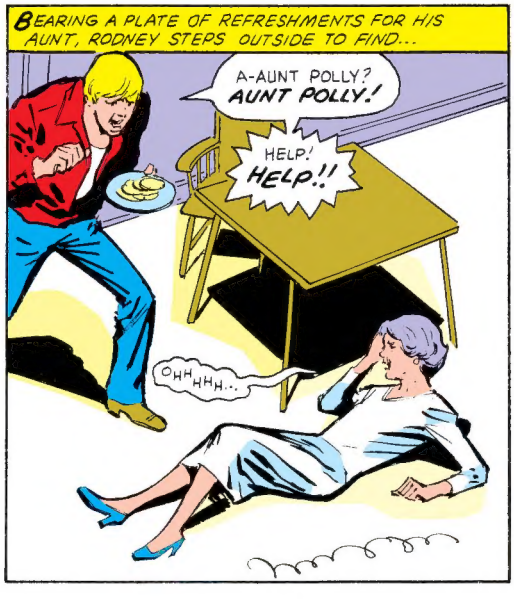

...THE MUSIC DIES... AND THE CONFUSION BEGINS!
SORRY ABOUT THE DELAY, LADIES AND GENTS, ONE OF OUR AMPS BLEW! JUST TAKE A MINUTE TA FIX IT!
SHRIEKE

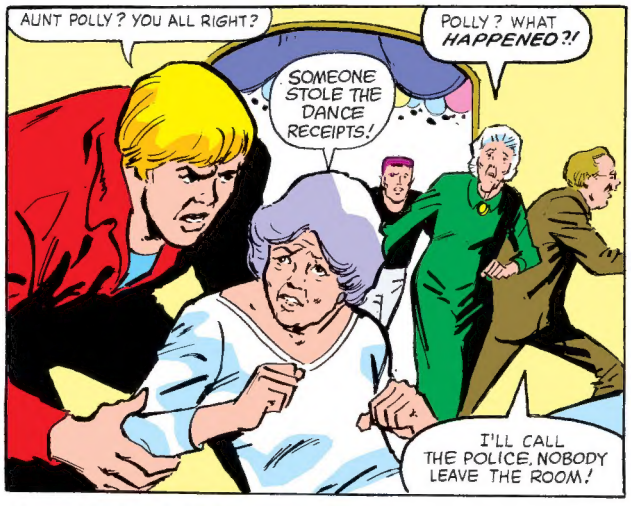
HERE, RAISIN... I THOUGHT YOU BOYS MIGHT LIKE SOME SANDWICHES AND PUNCH!
THANKS, MRS. PARKER --BUT THE NAME'S RAZOR!

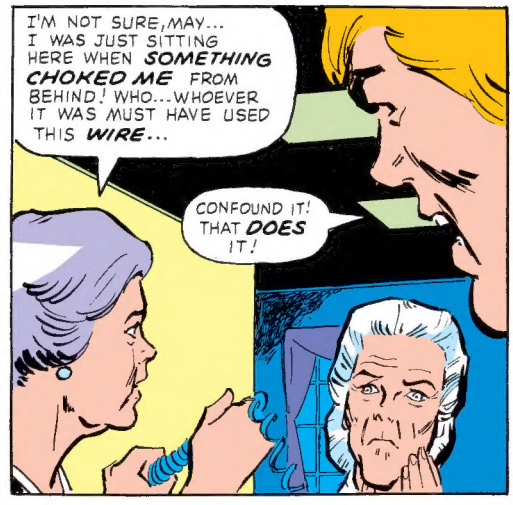
Y'GOT THE JACK SPLICED IN, SCAB?
SURE THING, RAZOR!
GREAT! WE'RE SET T'HOWL RIGHT AFTER THE BREAK!

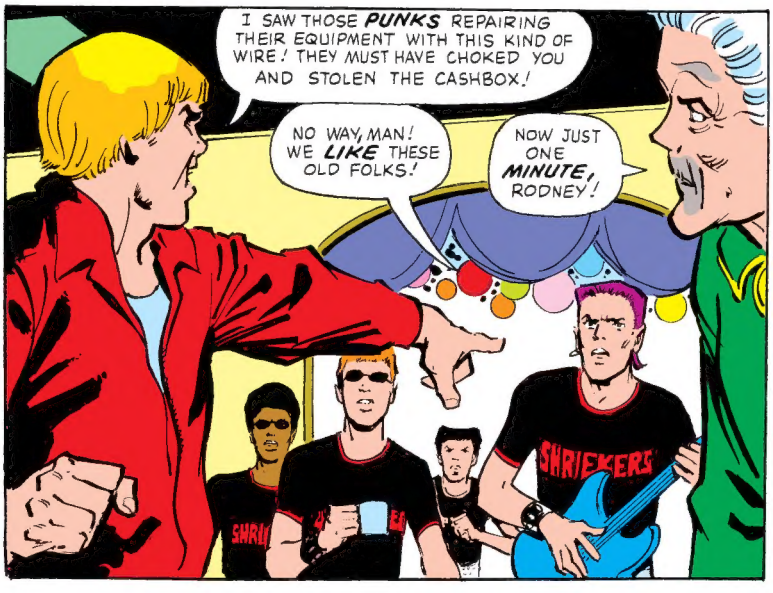

THANKS FOR BRINGING US THE FOOD, MRS. PARKER. IT'S THE GREATEST!
UH... IT'S REAL GOOD!
THE GREATEST WHAT?

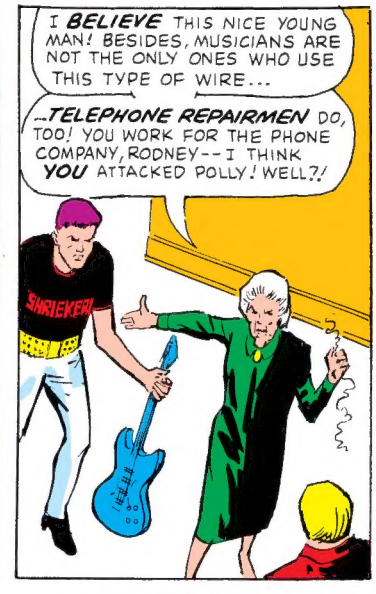

HEY, MAN-- HOW ARE YA? LIKE THE MUSIC ?
DISGUSTING DEGENERATES!
WELL, EXCUUUUUUSE ME!


BEARING A PLATE OF REFRESHMENTS FOR HIS AUNT, RODNEY STEPS OUTSIDE TO FIND...
A-AUNT POLLY? AUNT POLLY!
HELP! HELP!!
OHHHHH...


AUNT POLLY? YOU ALL RIGHT?
POLLY? WHAT HAPPENED?!
SOMEONE STOLE THE DANCE RECEIPTS!
I'LL CALL THE POLICE. NOBODY LEAVE THE ROOM!


I'M NOT SURE, MAY... I WAS JUST SITTING HERE WHEN SOMETHING CHOKED ME FROM BEHIND! WHO...WHOEVER IT WAS MUST HAVE USED THIS WIRE...
CONFOUND IT! THAT DOES IT!


I SAW THOSE PUNKS REPAIRING THEIR EQUIPMENT WITH THIS KIND OF WIRE! THEY MUST HAVE CHOKED YOU AND STOLEN THE CASHBOX!
NO WAY, MAN! WE LIKE THESE OLD FOLKS!
NOW JUST ONE MINUTE, RODNEY!
SHRIEKERS


I BELIEVE THIS NICE YOUNG MAN! BESIDES, MUSICIANS ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO USE THIS TYPE OF WIRE...
--TELEPHONE REPAIRMEN DO, TOO! YOU WORK FOR THE PHONE COMPANY, RODNEY--I THINK YOU ATTACKED POLLY! WELL?!
SHRIEKERS

I...UH...
ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY GET BACK! OR MISS MARPLE GETS IT!!
YOU WERE 100% RIGHT, GRANNY-- AND NOW YOU'RE MY TICKET OUTTA HERE!

≡GASP≡ OH, THE EXCITEMENT THE STRAIN...
...MY HEART!
HOLY SMOKE! SHE'S HAVIN' A HEART ATTACK!

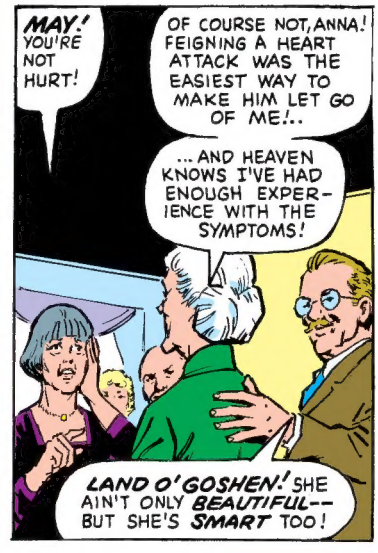
I AIN'T TAKIN' THE RAP IF SHE KICKS OFF! YOU C'N HAVE 'ER!
SOMEBODY STOP HIM!

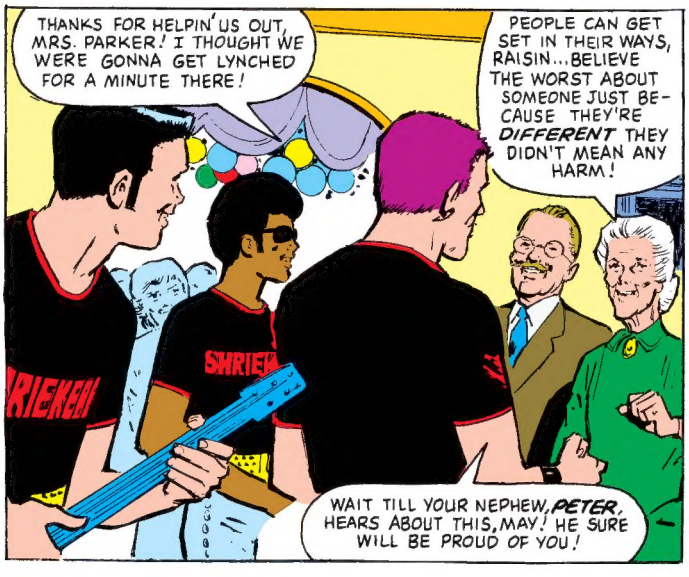
NO SWEAT, MISTER! THIS GUY IS DOWN--
--AN' OUT!
ooOOFFFE

BUT WHAT ABOUT MAY? IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

CONSARN IT, SOMEBODY CALL A DOCTOR AFORE IT'S--

--TOO LATE!?
IS IT OVER NOW?


MAY! YOU'RE NOT HURT!
OF COURSE NOT, ANNA! FEIGNING A HEART ATTACK WAS THE EASIEST WAY TO MAKE HIM LET GO OF ME!..
...AND HEAVEN KNOWS I'VE HAD ENOUGH EXPERIENCE WITH THE SYMPTOMS!
LAND O' GOSHEN! SHE AIN'T ONLY BEAUTIFUL-- BUT SHE'S SMART TOO!


THANKS FOR HELPIN' US OUT, MRS. PARKER! I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA GET LYNCHED FOR A MINUTE THERE!
PEOPLE CAN GET SET IN THEIR WAYS, RAISIN...BELIEVE THE WORST ABOUT SOMEONE JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE DIFFERENT THEY DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!
WAIT TILL YOUR NEPHEW, PETER, HEARS ABOUT THIS, MAY! HE SURE WILL BE PROUD OF YOU!

OH, HEAVENS NO, PLEASE! IT WOULD FRIGHTEN POOR PETER TERRIBLY TO HEAR I WAS IN ANY DANGER!
AFTER ALL, HE'S JUST SO HELPLESS WITHOUT ME!
THE END.

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M
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P
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Shadowcat